

Good Morning \$86

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

From BALHAM, GLASGOW, PLYMOUTH, BOSTON,
MIDDLESBROUGH, BARROW and SANDERSTEAD

FROM up and down the country these messages to you boys have been gathered, and "Good Morning" photographers have supplemented the personal greetings with pictures you'll be tickled to see.

There was no posing for the pictures. Why should there be? You want your folks just as they are, in their daily round, as you remember them. And that's how you are getting them.

A DIP into the postbag brings out, first of all, and quite appropriate, too—

Many Happy Returns from the whole family to **FIRST-CLASS STOKER RON. HEZ-ZELL**, of Wyberton Low Road, Boston, Lincs.

Armistice Day, November 11th, is your birthday, and "Good Morning" adds its best wishes to those of your people, even though they reach you late.

When "Good Morning" called at your trim little home on the banks of the Avon, not far from the Wash—you remember the scene you often looked on when you were at Woolworth's?—we found the "tough guy" of the family, 16-year-old Eric, just in for his mid-day meal.

NO RULER.

He'd got a ruler in his hand. Maybe he looked as if he would rule the roost, but your mother, with that kindly smile she possesses, said, "Fine; I'll do the ruling here," and so Eric came forward and had his photo taken with mother, and Wilf (aged 14), who had come in breezily from school.

Sorry, but we nearly spoiled the dinner getting the picture you'll see on the back page; but there it is.

The girls, Irene and Audrey, are still working on munitions in the town, and Dad's still driving a lorry on war work, and Maurice had got notice to go up for his "medical." He wanted to go into the Navy and join you, but his eyesight isn't, as you know, of the best.

THESE MOTHERS!

Anyway, there you are, and if there is a more patriotic family we haven't heard of it. Everybody is as busy as a bee, and your mother does her big share cooking for five every day and seven at the weekends when the girls arrive. Off from Barrow-in-Furness went "Good Morning" to these mothers! They have little Yorks—No. 35 Jedburgh, spare time, and they never Street, Middlesbrough, in fact, grumble.

On top of the Happy Returns there but silver-haired, happy

St. Paul Says:

So that every one of us shall the things which make for give account of himself to peace, and things wherewithal one may edify another.

Let us not therefore judge For meat destroy not the another any more; but judge work of God. All things indeed this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

I know, and persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself: but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean to him it is unclean.

But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy self in that thing which he not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died.

Let not then your good be evil spoken of:

For the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

For he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

Let us therefore follow after

Here Comes the Mail!

(And Pictures are on the Back Page)

Mrs. Lynch, mother of **PETTY OFFICER JOHN LYNCH**, of that address.

She was at the wash-tub—and what better job could be found, for cleanliness is next to godliness, isn't it?

"Why," says Mrs. Lynch when we called, "when John sees this picture he'll say, 'Mum's washing again!'"

The soapsuds were flying bright and merrily.

"Anyway," said your mother, P.O. John L., to us, "you can tell him I'm as fond of wash-

day as ever. He may grumble a bit about washing day—just a wee grumble—but he's always delighted to get clean shirts and collars and handkerchiefs when he's home." And you can see she's laughing at the idea!

She told us to tell you that everybody is fit and well. Your three sisters, Alice, Mary and Esther, weren't at home when we called, so we couldn't get them into the photo, but your Mum says they are all looking forward to seeing you as soon as possible.

TRAVEL TALK.

Mary, at the war factory, is doing her bit, like the others and you, and proud of it, and she says she hopes to be able one day to equal your travelling trips of five times round the world.

If it had been possible we'd have liked to get your sisters' pictures, but the last train from Middlesbrough had to be caught, so there you are with Mum and the soapsuds, and everybody merry and bright. And, of course, they all send their love and best wishes.

From there "Good Morning" ran down to Plymouth, and what should we meet but another washing! And good luck to all of the washings. This clothes line was being strung up by the wife of **P.O. TELEGRAPHIST CYRIL COLLIER** at No. 2 Hilary Terrace, Stoke, Plymouth.

Now listen, P.O. Telegraphist Cyril Collier. You just look at that picture and your wife and your sons, Brian and Melvyn, and you can't look at a happier group, can you?

Brian (your wife told us), aged eight, has been taking piano lessons from teacher Miss Taylor, of Stoke, and there is no prompting from Mummy, for the little chap goes straight to the drawing-room every day and does his practice. She says that Brian will be able to render your favourite, "In the Mood," by the time you reach home.

The week before we called, Aunt Jenny and Uncle Tom dropped in from Torquay to see Phyllis and the two boys, and Uncle Tom was lamenting that his pony, the one you used to be so fond of, is getting old. But so are we all.

BLACKBERRYING.

Mummy and the two boys were out one Sunday blackberrying in Central Park. But Brian and Melvyn both didn't bother about the basket. They had their fill straight from the bushes.

By the way, your sister Irene also called at Hilary Terrace recently, and, of course, most of the talk was about her wedding to Stan. Brooke, R.A.F. You remember him at the Christmas parties at Seymour Avenue!

And, finally, that moustache

and beard you've got. Your wife says you remind her of Sir Francis Drake! So there you are!

And with this gossip comes to you all the love and greetings that your wife, your sister and your relatives can send, not forgetting Brian and Melvyn.

From Plymouth to Glasgow is a fair step; but we made it, for we wanted to have a message from the folks of **A.B. KELLY**, of 340 Saracen Street, Possil Park.

And here it is. We (that is, "Good Morning" and photographer) had to call twice, but second time was lucky, and now for the news. The picture is on Page 4.

Your wife, A.B. Kelly, told us that Tommy was just home on leave after five years abroad. Ian is getting along fine and had just gone back after ten days' leave. Alister was due home any time from the Air Sea Rescue Service. Your sister, Martha, was going strong, and the same goes for Dorothy; and everybody sends love and all the best.

HAD A CABLE YET?

You'd be surprised at the way Rover has grown since you saw him. Mrs. Wood (who is often talking about you) thinks she'll have to get a larger house if he keeps growing.

Here's a private word for you. Your wife says she is feeling fine, and when the baby comes, she said, won't there be a celebration!

She has actually made a nursing chair. How's that for enthusiasm and cleverness? Annie was to cable you the moment the happy event occurred. Maybe you've had the cable.

And you've reason to be proud of your mother-in-law, for she has plenty of pluck, working at a cordite factory and still growing younger daily. They all say to us for you: "Safe voyage and safe return!"

Well, having run in this way up and down the country, the boys of "Good Morning" came back to London. And one of the first submariners we called for was **L./SIG. GEORGE GROVE**, of 201 Limpsfield Road, Sanderstead.

Only we called on Miss Sylvia Thoroughgood, your fiancee. For isn't that the per-

son you would like to hear from? She's looking at you from the back page. Turn again, Whittington!

She had a slight attack of tonsilitis when we called, nothing to worry about; and this is her message to you:

"Thank God for the last cable which arrived and made her feel on top of the world."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

The next letters you write will mean so much to her, because, as you probably know, all those happy personal letters, etc., were lost with the brown leather bag you gave her.

But she added: "I am longing for another little snap or anything to take the place of those treasures that are lost."

"The 4th of November had very special memories for me, and I have played our record four times on Mrs. Turner's gramophone. Also, have you got that compact yet?"

Pop Clifford is making a tour soon, and it is just in the lap of the gods that you may bump into him out your way.

Your Pop came up to see Sylvia, and says they are both very well and happy in their new home, and Mum is getting your new bedroom all repainted and bright, ready for your home-coming.

Ah, boy! The view from your window. Kingswood, and all that means!

You will be pleased to hear Nob has got his commission, and is due home for a change!

Young Pauline goes to school and takes to it like rat poison. Dorothy is still happy, horsey and hopeful.

MOVEMENTS.

Helen is very well, having had a long holiday at Weymouth. Margaret has just had her tonsils out, and Jack and Hilda have just moved back to No. 2, and are apparently all well and happy.

Ted was lying on the bed, listening-in to this interview, being home from boarding school for a day or two.

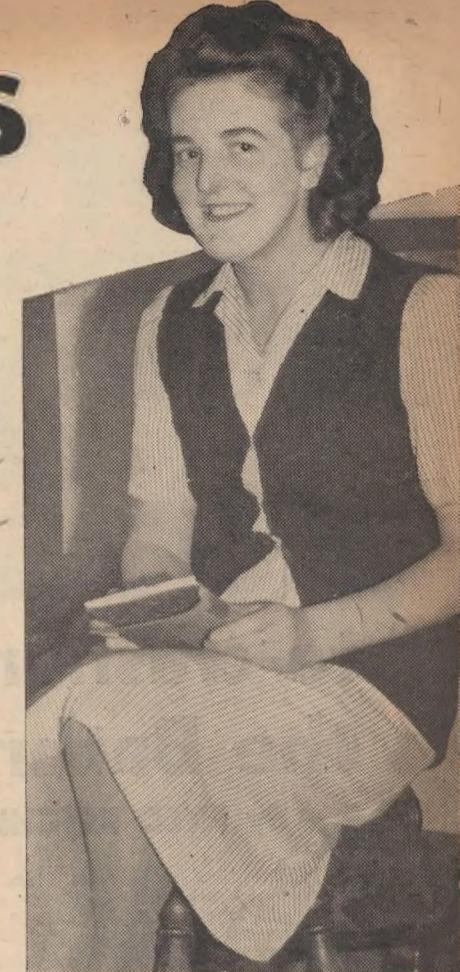
Mary, who very efficiently made us a very nice cup of tea, is fat and well, and joins with her brother in sending lots of love to their sailor.

Sylvia says how much she is looking forward to those quiet walks through Our Woods and to the Little Church, and again she says:

"God bless and keep you safe."

And finally, but by no means least, we paid a visit to the home of **A.B. LES BECK**, at No. 9, Heslop Road, Balham, and this story is for you, Les Beck.

28 NOV. 1944



"Good Morning" called to get that photo of your wife Ella and little Linda that was promised when we gave you a lift up Streatham way.

The promise is fulfilled, and it will interest you to know that Linda has the brown eyes of her Dad, and that your wife is feeling like her old self again.

Don't be surprised when you come home, even if it is very soon, to hear the baby say, "Hello, Dad." She is going on like that!

25,000 MATCHES.

Pop and Mum are both well. Pop showed us a fine model of a boat he made during the '41 blitz period. He used 25,000 matches, supplied by A.B. Les Beck, his son-in-law and his submarine pals.

The only tools used were a razor-blade and tweezers, and a few pins.

The length of the boat is 53in. x 7½in., and Pop says that he remembers the times he used to dash downstairs, shedding matches all the way, when the syren went. But them days are past.

All at 9, Heslop Road join in sending love and saying "Cheerio."

BETTER TO GIVE

WEYMOUTH and district have started a £10,000 fund for the re-establishment and modernisation of the local hospital, which was badly damaged in an air raid.

One of the first gifts received by the Mayor (Councillor J. T. Goddard) after the launching of the appeal was a cheque for £25.

It was sent by a Weymouth couple to commemorate the 25th anniversary of their wedding.

Finding it difficult to select suitable gifts for each other in war-time, they decided to give £1 for each year of their married life to the Hospital Establishment Fund.

Mayor Goddard hopes some diamond and golden wedding couples will follow their example.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first

to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



"After what you called me the other day, Sarge, 'ere's Ma, with 'er marriage lines!"



Gate-crashers in the Bathroom

By FRED KITCHEN

WE don't realise how often a bird takes his bath until a hard spell of frost locks up his bathroom and causes him to remain unwashed for a few days.

Jesse was helping to cart manure out of the cattle yards, the weather being too severe for any other outdoor work, when he, too, realised that the birds hadn't had a dip all week.

One day the thaw set in, the sun shone dazzlingly on the snow, and from the roofs the melting snow went trickling into the large tank that catches the rain-water.

Then the birds came—sparrows, starlings, and a few chaffinches.

A whole circle of them perched on the edge of the tank, splashing, gurgling, chirruping, as though the little spate of sunshine was midsummer.

It was their first bath for more than a week, and—though the water looked icy—they made the most of it.

Presently a blackbird joined the circle, and a dispute arose.

He "didn't belong"—he wasn't a resident of the farm-buildings, and had no right to use their public bath.

The starlings especially refused to admit him, and announced their resentment with shrill squeaks and a fluttering of wings.

But Blackie wasn't going to be kept out, and, hopping in between a couple of sparrows, told them to "clear off" while he had his bath.

The sparrows fluttered away, for their short beaks were no match for Blackie's long slender one, and Blackie dipped in his head and splashed.

A starling hopped sideways along the rim, and in a squeaky voice told Blackie to "get."

Blackie stopped his bathing and stared. "An impudent starling!" he said, and rushed at his tormentor with his head down.

The starling flew up into the roof spouting with a frightened squeak, and Blackie—just to show he wasn't to be trifled with, hopped the whole circuit of the tank, sweeping the starlings off the narrow edge like a row of ninepins.

Then he bathed to his heart's content, cocking up his head after each dip as though challenging any starling, or sparrow, to drive him off.

He got bolder. He settled on a thick piece of floating ice, showed how things should

be done, making no end of a splash and singing in his bath in the most approved style.

The starlings returned, to settle on the rim and jeer at him, while the one that flew into the spouting dropped down to settle alongside Blackie on the floating ice.

The ice canted over, leaving the two birds floundering in the water, while their companions disappeared like magic to a drier spot inside the sheds.

Jesse stepped to the rescue, and after wiping the water off them with his cap, carried them into the boiler-house to "dry off."

He loaded up his cart, and then stepped across to see how his feathered friends were progressing.

They were seated side by side, preening their now dried feathers with amiable and friendly chirps, as though never in their lives had they been guilty of side-stepping each other to the bathroom.

Marson Martin's COUNTRY CALENDAR

DOWN in the chestnut plantation a caravan has appeared; the tree-fellers have moved in for their winter's work. There are four in the working party; three short, black-haired, silent men and one girl. On the first night the four of them appeared in the "Horseshoes," they sat together in the far corner of the bar, next to the cribbage players. They did not speak to any of the locals, and only at the rarest intervals to each other. Without appearing to take the slightest notice of the group, the locals watched their every movement.

It was remarked at once that the strangers drank "black and tan"—a bottle of stout poured into a pint mug and topped-up with ale. That is, all except the girl, and she drank ordinary ale. Now, the "Horseshoes" is a pub where any call for other than "a pint" is a signal for facetious remarks. Ale is the drink, because ale is all the regulars can afford. Who were these silent men, then, who ordered "toffs" drinks? And why was it the girl who had to put up with the cheaper stuff?

On the first Sunday after the appearance of the strange party, it was extraordinary how many of the villagers, setting out for their short after-dinner stroll, found their footsteps turning in the direction of the chestnut plantation. And that evening, in the "Horseshoes," how the tongues did wag! Some of the explorers had discovered a bell-tent a little apart from the caravan, and thus, in the minds of the charitable at least, the ducums were preserved. Others held strongly to the view that the tent contained only the axes and saws and ropes of their trade. And it has to be stated that it was the womenfolk for the most part who clung passionately to this latter belief.



Whether the central figures in the controversy are aware of the storm which eddies about them is not discoverable; but, at any rate, it is not interfering with their work. The huge oaks that stood thickly on the western slopes of the bowl are being tumbled in their pride. Already the whole aspect is changing. Vistas are opening that were never dreamed of before, and it is certain that when the young men of the village return they will find many of their remembered haunts have been lost for all time. It is natural that only the finest timber is being taken now, in this time of labour shortage; so that there are left standing in the wake of the fellers those trees whose timber is of no value for present needs; prodigious oaks which started to die hundreds of years ago when the ivy crept up the butts and sprawled among the limbs, sucking and strangling the life out of the giants.

Looking at these gaunt, stricken trees standing sentinel over the devastated hillside, makes one wonder why the science of tree-doctoring has never been really practised in this country. In America, we hear, skilled tree-doctors work lovingly over a tree suspected of taking the wrong turning, lopping a branch here, plugging a cavity there, drilling and probing, for all the world like a dentist filling teeth.

"Tree of Life"

THE propeller housings of many Liberty and Victory ships, as well as of some of the largest liners, are made of wood. But it is no ordinary wood. Indeed, many people would consider it the strangest wood in the world—*lignum vitae*.

Our ancestors, when they first found it in South and Central America, called it this because they believed the resin it contains was an elixir of life. The name means literally "tree of life."

The medical qualities of the wood, for which fantastic prices were paid in Europe, have now been largely disproved. But it has proved invaluable in industry for many purposes simply because of the resin.

As much as one-third of the weight of the wood may be resin, and this continues to exude for years when pressure is applied. The wood is therefore virtually self-lubricating. Used as a bearing or a pulley, it produces its own lubricant and requires no attention.

Lignum vitae would not be suitable for these purposes, however, if it were not also one of the hardest woods known. Its grain is intensely knotted and it cannot be split. Tests carried out on a *lignum vitae* pulley and a brass pulley showed after a million revolutions that the brass was worn away a sixteenth of an inch, whereas the wood was worn only one or two-hundredths.

These properties, allied to resistance to salt water, have led to its use for the bushings at the stern of many ships. It is also used for tools where sparking is dangerous, for mixing incendiary bomb mixtures, for cosmetic machines, and extensively for bearings in the textile industries.

One of the strangest uses is for preserving lard in the tropics. The resin prevents oxidisation. One drop in a pound of lard is sufficient to prevent it going rancid, and makes no difference to the taste.

T. S. DOUGLAS.

SCREENS, CLOUDS and CARPETS

DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

MANY a beginner in the art of the camera has yearned for a little box of tricks that will take beautiful cloud effects, little knowing that he is as likely to achieve his ambition with the camera he possesses as with a Leica.

He points his camera at a landscape, takes a long look at those great billowy clouds, and with a last-minute prayer and a despairing jab at the camera—he shoots. A week later he is pouring abuse on the wretched instrument for failing to reproduce his cherished cumulus, whereas in point of fact all that was lacking was a little knowledge of films and filters.

Firstly, it must be understood that in respect of accuracy, the most we can expect from any black and white photograph is a representation of colour brightness in appropriate shades of black, white and grey. Unfortunately, no film has been made which accurately carries out this conversion of colour to monochrome without some accessory.

The many films and plates marketed for the amateur can be divided into three main groups; ordinary, orthochromatic and panchromatic.

"Ordinary" films are sensitive only to blue light, which they record as being light in tone, whilst red and green appear to be almost black (on the print of course). For this reason they have lost their popularity and are rarely used for straightforward amateur work.

Orthochromatic films come to the film, the most common problem being the one already that a filter of any colour will

mentioned—landscapes and clouds.

The light coming from the sky, even from white clouds, is very largely blue light, and we already know that all three types of film are very sensitive to this colour. It follows that the exposure required for the sky portion of the picture is a short one.

The light coming from a green landscape with a few red brick cottages will, on the other hand, contain very little blue light and the necessary exposure on any of the types of film will be much longer than that required for the clouds.

There are two recognised means of recording clouds and landscape on one print in spite of their opposing requirements. The first, which was at one time most popular, is by making two negatives, one exposed correctly for clouds and the other for landscape, and combining the two during printing.

Fortunately this rather lengthy and costly business is now avoided by the use of yellow light filters. Without going into technicalities, it can be stated that a yellow glass screen will cut down the amount of blue light passing through the lens, thus allowing the green and red to "catch up."

As ordinary films are, for practical purposes, only sensitive to blue light, they may not be used with yellow filters.



avoid true rendering in order to show contrast between two similar tones.

For example, a carpet of dark green and red shades has to be photographed, and a first attempt shows that the contrast is insufficient. If it is desired to make green the lighter shade, a green filter is used with a panchromatic plate or film.

For example, the landscape filter usually used with a pan film is a pale yellow one with a factor of X2. If the normal exposure for the landscape is 1/100 sec. you must give it 1/50th with the filter, whilst an orthochromatic film and the same filter would probably have a factor of X3 or X4 and an exposure of 1/25th would be necessary.

An orthochromatic film will not only require a longer exposure for any particular yellow filter, but will probably need a darker shade of yellow than a pan film. It is for this reason that fast panchromatic films are so popular with amateurs whose cameras cannot, under practical conditions, give such lengthy exposures.

The object of using a light filter is not always to obtain accurate colour renderings, in fact, it is often necessary to

Solemn Thought

BEER bottles are so scarce in Nicosia, Cyprus, that the market price of empty bottles is higher than the canteen price of full ones. As a result troops have earned money by drinking beer and selling the empties.

BUCK RYAN

Buck Ryan and Ma Hla May are taken prisoner by British 14th Army veterans

I FELL IN THE PANI LOOKING FOR MACHILLI. I BOLOO BUT NOBODY COOCH-PAWANIED, SO I CLIMBED OUT JALDI!

WELL YOU'RE TIK HAI NOW, CHUM. KHBADAR NEXT TIME

WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT, CAPTAIN?

THAT'S BARRACK-ROOM HINDUSTANI, RYAN

ONE SAID HE FELL IN THE WATER LOOKING FOR FISH. HE CALLED BUT NOBODY SEEMED TO CARE, SO HE GOT HIMSELF OUT QUICKLY

D6
THE SLANG WORDS: BLIGHTY AND BUNDOK ARE BORROWED BY THE ARMY FROM INDIA, TOO, AREN'T THEY?

YES, WHEN THESE CHAPS GET HOME NOBODY WILL UNDERSTAND A WORD THEY SAY

AND THE OTHER SAID, WELL YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, CHUM. BE CAREFUL NEXT TIME!

YOU UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE UNDER ARREST UNTIL YOUR STORY IS CONFIRMED, RYAN?

YES, CAPTAIN

HERE HE IS, SIR. PRETTY, ISN'T HE? SNIPIN', HE WAS, UNTIL BERT BOWLED A GOOLY WITH A PINEAPPLE AND BLEW OFF HIS UNIFORM

AND THE FOLKS AT HOME THINK ALL JAPS ARE LITTLE SHRIMPS!

SPEAKS A FEW WORDS OF ENGLISH TOO, DON'T YOU, TOJO?

ENGLISH ARE YERROW BUSTARDS. PAH!

D7
WITH ONE HAND I MURDER ANY ENGLISHMAN!

WHY, YOU -

COR!

SERGEANT, I CAN STAND BEING CALLED "BUSTARD" BUT I RESENT BEING EXPECTORATED UPON! HOLD MY GEAR AND RELEASE THE PRISONER

THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR, SIR

HE'LL KILL THE SKIPPER GERTCHA! THE SKIPPER IS ONE OF WINGATE'S "TARZANS" AND HE WAS OUR LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AT HOME

ALL THE SAME IT WON'T BE A PIECE O' CAKE

JUDO OR JU-JITSU - WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, CAPTAIN?

JUDO IS JUST SELF-DEFENCE. YOU ARE "NON-BELLIGERENT". IT IS TAUGHT TO POLICEMEN, CALLS FOR GREAT SKILL. JU-JITSU IS AN OLDER SPORT - NOT UNLIKE OUR "ALL-IN" WRESTLING

D8
COME ON, TOJO - LET'S SEE IF YOU ARE AS GOOD AS YOU THINK YOU ARE!

YO! 155 EASY

WHAT'S THE BETTING? I'LL TAKE EVEN'S THE JAP IS HEAVIER. MAKE IT 6 TO 4

O.K. 6 TO 4

TSK, TSK, IS HE TOUGH! IT'S 3 TO 1 AGAINST THE CAPTAIN NOW

D9
I'LL TAKE THAT BET-IN CIGARETTES

VERY GOOD, SIR

An all-in combat develops between the Jap and the English Captain...

COR, THE NIP IS USING ELBOWS

THAT'LL NARF THE SKIPPER

ONE 'CO-PROSPERITY' SUPERMAN BITES THE DUST! PERHAPS THAT WILL TEACH HIM TO BEHAVE HIMSELF

D10
GUARD HIM CLOSELY WHEN HE RECOVERS

NOW, WE'LL GET BACK TO H.Q. AND REPORT TO THE COLONEL. I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU MEN TO KEEP THIS QUIET. THE C.O. MIGHT NOT UNDERSTAND



Back in British Territory...

I'LL HAVE TO HAND YOU OVER TO OUR INTELLIGENCE, RYAN, FOR INTERROGATION

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN - BUT -

WHAT ABOUT LITTLE MA HLA MAY? SHE NEEDS REST AND CLOTHES FIRST. SPARE HER EMBARRASSMENT

D11
DON'T WORRY, I HAVE WORKED ALL THAT OUT. I SHALL DRIVE TO THE NEAREST BAZAAR AND BUY HER THE PRETTIEST BURMESE WHAT-NOTS

Ryan fell asleep during the questioning, Colonel. His story is so fantastic that I wouldn't care to vouch for his identity

I UNDERSTAND THAT THE GENERAL HAS A CARD UP HIS SLEEVE THAT WILL CLEAR ANY DOUBTS BY TOMORROW. SO LET US WAIT.

STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

ARGUMENTS for and against a Victory series of stamps continue in the British philatelic Press, though at present there is no sign that the Postmaster-General is being moved by either side. While the most heat is generated by those in favour of Victory stamps, the leading philatelists, calm and conservative, are, I think, likely to win the day and make the suggestion abortive. A contributor in Gibbons' Monthly makes a fair summary of the case, and I quote him at length.

The answer is not perhaps so easy as might at first sight appear (he writes). The average collector, if asked his opinion, would probably reply without hesitation that he would welcome a commemorative issue both by Great Britain and by the Dominions and Colonies.

A commemorative issue will certainly be made by France, America, Russia, and all the other Allies. Unless, therefore, Great Britain and the Commonwealth follow suit, large sums of good British money will go to enrich the coffers of foreign (if Allied) Governments.

This has already happened during the war, and while many Englishmen feel that the privilege of sanctuary in this country has perhaps been somewhat abused, it is nevertheless indisputable that Victory issues by the Allied Nations will find a ready market among British collectors. But the same collectors would far sooner buy our own Victory issue if they were given a chance.

Many people feel strongly that the British case and the British point of view have been inadequately presented in the Allied Press. The fault is largely our own. With our innate desire of boasting, we are apt to go to the other extreme and fall into an excess of modesty. This, however, is not always understood by our friends abroad, who naturally take us at our own valuation.

A Victory issue of stamps would at least tell the world that we also were combatants during the war, a fact which some of our Allies seem to forget—if they ever knew it!

Finally, a Victory issue by the Colonies would render obsolete their current stamps and so enhance their value. This is a purely mercenary consideration, but it does, I believe, exist in the minds of most collectors, even if subconsciously, and is a potent factor in the demand for a new issue.

These, I believe, are the main arguments in favour of a commemorative issue. Is there anything to be said on the other side? I think there is.

It was only towards the end of the reign of King George V that the Colonies first began to issue pictorials, and the full flood did not submerge us until the present reign of King George VI. At first the new issues were generally welcomed, and it is only in recent years that our critical faculty has recovered from the enthusiasm which prevented its exercise.

But the passage of time has enabled us to form a truer judgment than was possible in those early days, and we have begun to be a bit bored by these "pretty-pretties."

On their first arrival they seemed a pleasant change from the staid solemnity of the "Tablet Series" of King George V.

But now we are beginning to change our minds and to see in the old series of King George V something that we are in danger of overlooking.

Admittedly, they had their faults; perhaps they were dull and uninteresting; perhaps they were unimaginative; perhaps they were even a little self-satisfied. But they did not commit the crime of trying to tell all comers that the particular country of their origin was the finest, the sunniest, the most beautiful, and the most famous in all the world. In their own way they were as restrained and steadfast as the deep notes of Big Ben.

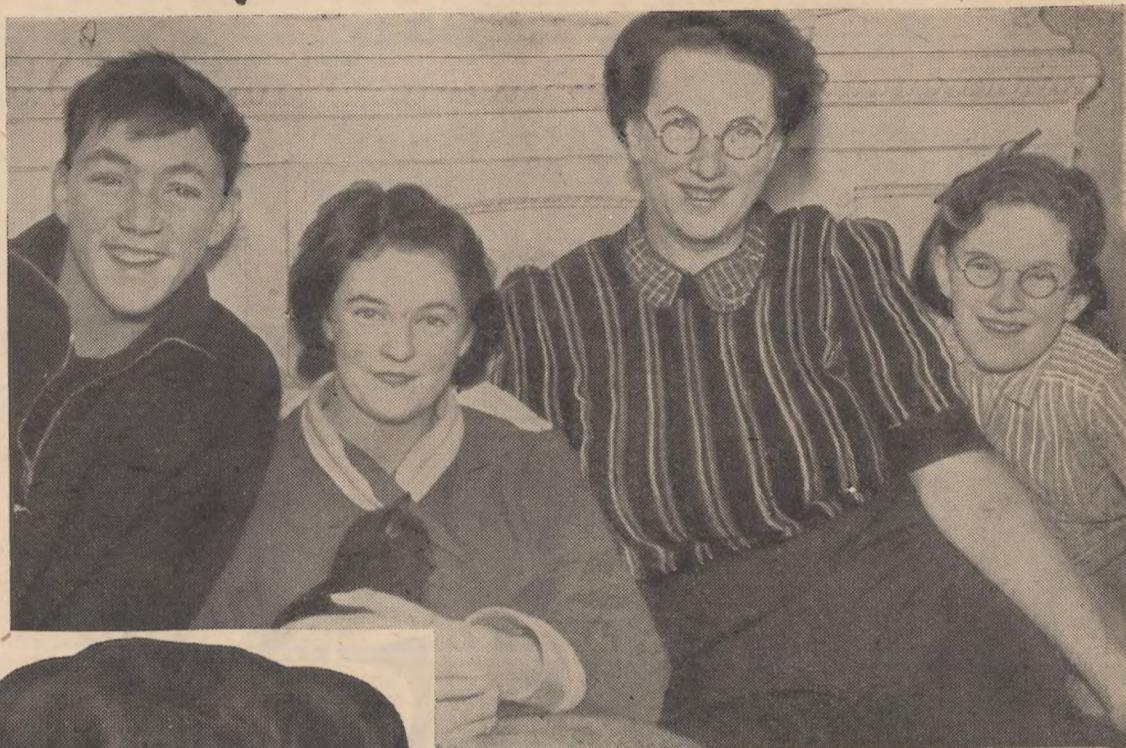
All this may sound far-fetched, but I do sincerely believe that if we give way to the demand for a Victory issue we shall be discarding something which is of far more value to us than the temporary excitement such an issue might generate.

Illustrated in this column is a commemorative issued by Russia to mark the anniversary of the second flight into the stratosphere; and one in honour of the Young Communist League.

Six Happy Families!



Here you are A.B. Kelly—a photograph of your wife with her mother, shortly before the "happy event" comes off. You bet they're not worrying—just happy and confident.



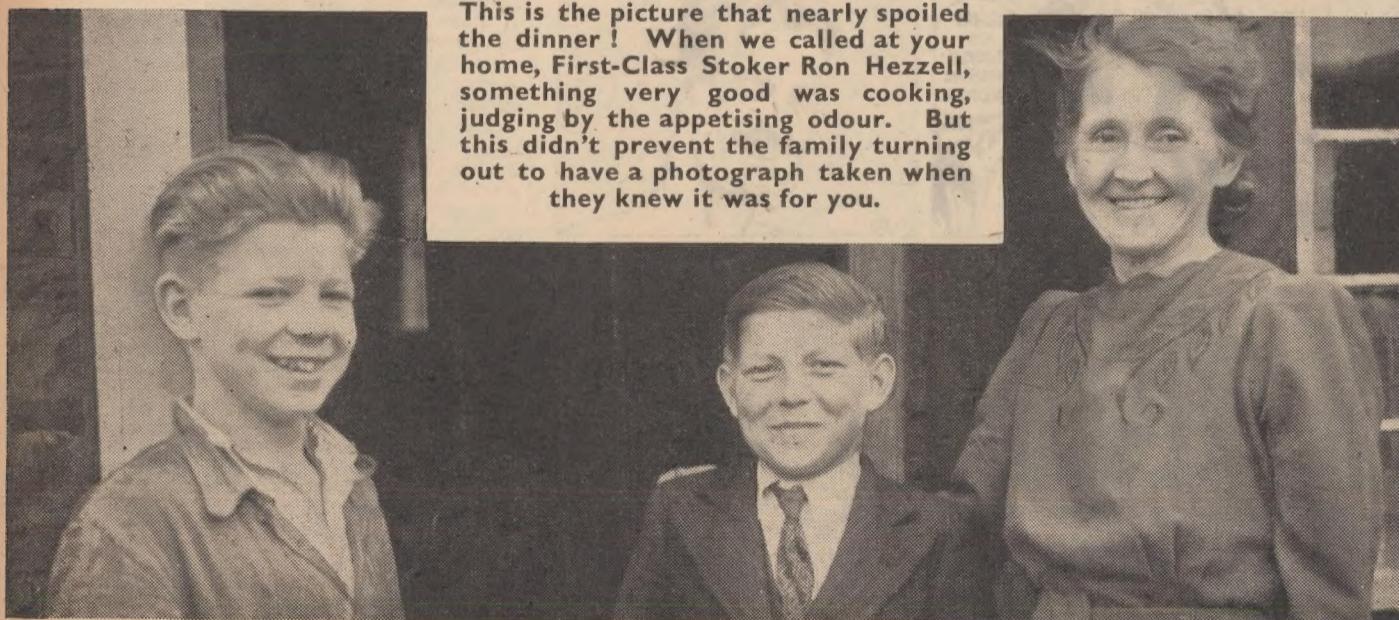
This is how "Good Morning" keeps its word! When we gave A.B. Les Beck a lift on his last leave we promised we would pop round and take a photo of his wife and baby Linda. Well, what do you think of it, Les? If you ask us, they're "tops"—the pair of 'em.



Here's a picture right from your own back yard, P.O. Tel. Cyril Collier. And don't they look happy? Melvyn keeps the sheets from dragging on the ground, while Brian helps Mummy with the pegging-out.



This is the picture that nearly spoiled the dinner! When we called at your home, First-Class Stoker Ron Hezzell, something very good was cooking, judging by the appetising odour. But this didn't prevent the family turning out to have a photograph taken when they knew it was for you.



You're a lucky chap, L./Sig. George Grove, to have a girl like Sylvia waiting for you at home. Here she is in the bosom of the family—and still dreaming of walks with you through "Our Woods."



Your mother's having a joke with the "Good Morning" photographer, P.O. John Lynch, about the way you always used to "beef" when you found her stuck over the wash-tub. But not when you found the clean shirts ready to hand, eh?